

steward thought: 'Well, I see this pays; this man has got £50 for his large root; I think I shall make the Duke a present.' So he bought a horse and he reckoned that he should have in return ten times as much for it as it was worth, and he presented it with that view. The Duke, like a wise man, quietly accepted the horse, and gave the greedy steward nothing. That was all. So you say 'Well, here is a Christian man, and he gets rewarded. He has been giving to the poor, helping the Lord's Church, and see, he is saved; the thing pays. I shall make a little investment.' Yes, but you see the steward did not give the horse out of any idea of loyalty and kindness and love to the Duke, but out of very great love to himself, and therefore had no return; and if you perform deeds of charity out of the idea of getting to heaven by them, why it is yourself you are feeding, it is yourself you are clothing. All your virtue is not virtue, it is rank selfishness, it smells strong of selfhood, and Christ will never accept it; you will never hear him say 'Thank you' for it.—*Spurgeon*.

How I came to be a Madagascar Missionary.

BY THE REV. J. RICHARDSON, LONDON
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When I was a little lad in a South Lancashire town in 1851, I saw a picture in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* of Malagasy Christians being hurled over the rock. I was only seven years of age, and I said to my Sunday-school teacher, "O teacher, if ever I am a man, I will go and be a missionary there!"

I forgot all that. I went to college, and in 1868 Dr. Mullens offered me Madagascar. I said, "of course, I go to Madagascar, because that story made me a missionary in 1851." I went to Madagascar, and now here is the remarkable thing. You talk sometimes about chance and coincidence, but I think this is a leading of Divine Providence.

When I was chairman of the district committee, standing on the spot which had made me a missionary in 1851, I had to give the first missionary charge to the first missionaries sent out by the Church of Madagascar. A year after that I was within a span of being another martyr of Madagascar; and a year after that I stood and looked up into the face of the prime minister as he told me, on the spot where

the martyrs suffered, the very story which made me a missionary.

We were met in the church built on that rock of hurling, and he spoke as follows:—

THE PRIME MINISTER'S STORY.

"Standing upon this spot years and years ago there were gathered together some officers of the kingdom. My father was there, and a little girl was brought before him. My father said, 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' The little girl raised herself, and said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.' My father the second time said, 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' She said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.'"

Six years ago, when Dr. Mullens preached at the opening of the church, the queen, the prime minister and all the court, ran away out of the capital; but now, six years afterwards, the prime minister comes to the very spot on which we were assembled—where the little girl was hurled over, and her body landed on the plain below—and he said, "If a little girl could give her life for the love of her Saviour, shall we hesitate to give our substance to the heathen?"

Could there be a grander testimony to the power of the pure gospel than that touching story told by the Prime Minister the son of the person who had carried out the persecution, and on the very spot where the persecution happened?

The Bible "By Heart."

We know a dear Christian woman, for many years an invalid and great sufferer, to whom many sleepless nights are appointed, who many years ago "got by heart" the Book of Psalms; and so she can say with the Psalmist, "In the night his song shall be with me;" "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips, when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night-watches;" "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches, that I might meditate on thy word." How would she spend her dark vigils without this midnight lamp? And was it not well for that boy of Romish parents, but taught in a Protestant Sunday-school, whose New Testament the priest subjected to inquisitorial fires, that he was able to say, "Thank God, I have seen seven chapters of St. Matthew that he could not burn."—*The Covenant*.